Please read and pass on.

The Anarchist

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Edward Carpenter on Syndicalism.

The rapid growth of the Syndicalist movement is surely an encouraging sign of the times, and a matter of congratulation to Anarchists. We are at last beginning to see a way out of the old jungle of Commercialism—a light in the distance through the trees. Socialism has no doubt taken us a long way in the right direction. It has taught us that the industrial life of the nation must in future be carried on collectively for the benefit of the mass-peoples and not for the greedy profit of the few. But we are now beginning to see that its path is in danger of winding through some ugly swamps, of bureaucracy, officialism and over-government (even the capitalist classes themselves are crying out against Socialism on that score!) and that it may be difficult to get safely through along that line. So the Syndicalists are branching on to a new route. They are adopting the entirely sensible scheme of getting the workers in each industry to organise that industry and its conditions of production for themselves. What possible other scheme, it may be asked, can be rationally adopted? Who can be so fit to manage an industry as those who work in it and know its conditions by heart—and why on earth should they hand over its management to a few employers to exploit it for their own gain?

The splendid thing about the present movement is the rapidity with which the workers themselves are tumbling to the new idea. The strike of the miners and the way in which the rank and file of them are laying down and deciding their own conditions of labour is full of promise; and similar movements in the other trades, combined with the success and spread of the "Don't shoot" propaganda among the military, are opening up the way to a new era in our industrial life.

Of course our opponents say that if each trade is going to organise its industry for its own advantage, and "hold up" its own produce at a monopoly price against the rest of the nation, we shall only have exchanged exploitation on its present scale for exploitation on a much larger scale, and abandoned the petty competition of capitalists for warfare of a much more serious character among the unions. But such people are only speaking from their own experience and ideals of life. No one who knows the masses of the workers or the present tendencies of the unions could make such a foolish mistake as to suppose that this is really the direction in which they are moving or wishing to move. On the contrary the immense and growing Federations of the trades and the continual conferences and congresses of sections point most distinctly towards the ultimate harmonising of the various interests in one great scheme.

As I have said, the well-to-do classes have been in terror hitherto at the prospect of possible government by a "cast-iron" bureaucratic Socialism. It only remains for them now to cordially welcome the arrival of an anti-governmental Syndicalism, and of a free and voluntary co-operation of workers (*all* workers, of course, whether manual, clerical, artistic, or what-not) in countless guilds which shall be self-determining *as to their own conditions*, but federated together in a great whole for the reasonable exchange of their products. For many years now folk have pointed out what a splendid work the old English Craft-Guilds did—how they organised the workers of that period and gave them substantial position and comparative affluence in face of the tyranny of the great landholders and barons; how they laid the foundations of England's industrial greatness; what fine and artistic things they produced;—what metal-work, wood-work, architecture, and so forth—out of their free and self-determining organisations; and such folk turn with pride to this page in our history. But to-day Syndicalism is going to restore just these very Guilds in a form suited to modern conditions; and every one who values what may be called real culture, and the restoration of beauty and joy in daily life, must surely welcome the movement, and lend, as far as he can, a helping hand.

It is true that the movement will ultimately bring to an end the mean and futile social life of the dividend-drawing classes. It will take the bottom out of that unclean bucket. And a good thing too! The more one sees of that life the more one sees of its futility and essential wretchedness, and the less one sees that is worth preserving. Even for the sake of these very classes one may sincerely say—Long live Syndicalism!

THE NEED FOR AN IDEAL.

"In the first place an ideal, far in advance of practicability though it may be, is always needful for rightful guidance. If, amid all those compromises which the circumstances of the times necessitate, or are thought to necessitate, there exist no true conceptions of better and worse in social organisation—if nothing beyond the exigencies of the moment are attended to, and the proximately best is habitually identified with the ultimately best; there cannot be any true progress. However distant may be the goal, and however often intervening obstacles may necessitate deviation in our course towards it, it is obviously necessary to know whereabouts it lies."

—HERBERT SPENCER.

THE period of "unrest" through which we are passing has drawn the attention of all to the life-conditions of the mass of the workers, skilled and "unskilled," to use a very misleading expression. The strike for a minimum wage has given a grand display of labour solidarity, which was, however, foreshadowed in the almost equally important strike of the Transport Workers. These two examples of the fine spirit that is still found to animate the workers was really necessary, first to teach the ruling classes that their wage-slaves were not quite such a negligible quantity as they had imagined them to be, and secondly to impress upon the "leaders," and the labour politicians that they can no longer hold the workers in the palm of their hands to serve their own ambitions and intrigues in their discredited "political action."

In a word, we may truly say a new era is opening before us in which not only the great mass of the wealth-producers but even the "aristocracy of labour" and the civil servants are organising for the conquest of new economic conditions, which means a continuous conflict with the present wage-system, and which will lead, as we sincerely hope, to a communal organisation which will end once for all that iniquity which pretends that wage-payment ensures a just apportionment of wealth, while in reality it is the fruitful mother of all exploitation.

Now for the Anarchist-Communist two things stand out clear as the light of day. They are first, that the wage-slave is compelled by the very logic of his position to continual struggle to resist capitalist aggression, and if possible to improve his economic position by means of Trade Union organisation. Secondly, that unless we strive as best we can to keep before us a higher and grander ideal than the mere raising of wages—important as this may be—we are not only in danger of losing that revolutionary fervour which is necessary to inspire an ideal with life and power, but the great majority are in danger of perpetually becoming the tools of those triflers and self-seekers who have already done enough mischief by their *mis-*"leading" in times of crises, to undermine the real purpose of mass-movements of the workers.

It is necessary to inspire the toilers with a far higher conception of life, with all its possibilities, than any mere palliation of the evils of capitalism could ever bring. It is for this reason that Anarchists are opposed to the State control of industry, even when advocated by Social-Democrats, Fabians, and the I.L.P. The Anarchist, indeed, maintains that an economic revolution must necessarily bring with it a revolutionary change in the social relationship of mankind. With the disappearance of capitalist exploitation, and the taking over by the people of all the means of production—the first step, as we believe, in the formation of the Free Commune—not only shall we be rid once for all of the old and vicious relationship of employer and employee, of master and man, of mistress and maid, but the individual will stand forth for the first time as his real self—free, unfettered, autonomous, yet in the fullest solidarity with his fellows, his equals in all that he claims for himself.

"The free individual in solidarity with the Free Commune! How impossible!" cry our opponents. But why impossible? When we speak of the free individual we are not alluding to such an absurdity as G. B. Shaw's "Superman" (whatever that may mean), or to the monstrous abnormalities that some of the Nietzscheans picture for us. Not at all. Man—and woman's—individual development, even to the fullest extent of all their powers, is perfectly conceivable as rational and human, in the sense of being in full accord with a freely-organised social system. Why should it be otherwise? The strong man walks the streets to-day without finding his highest satisfaction in treading down his weaker brethren. If we have millionaires who economically crush their wage-slaves, and even the community, we all know how they arise, and we all are agreed they must go. But it is really these morbid growths of capitalism that obtuse the minds of those who think we cannot have individuals of stronger will and greater power without these forces dominating and controlling the lives of the community. But it is just here that the need for the Anarchist ideal becomes imperative. In season and out of season it is for us to preach that government of man by man is the root of all evil, the one sin that can never be forgiven. And while it is true that the evil fruit of the system under which we are now living may leave an aftermath that may cause some trouble, it must never be forgotten that those who wish to rule would never find their task so easy were it not for the slavishness of those who submit.

So to preach our ideal is as fully a need of the time as to join in the economic struggle. We have nothing to fear from liberty. It is slavery and coercion that breed crime. Freedom harmonises interests that under a governmental system are constantly at war. And let us never forget that in a free society there are outlets, social and not anti-social, for the fullest display of energy of the most powerful members of the community. And the free exercise of these powers will bring their own reward. Only when these are set free will mankind really advance. Only then will the Arts and the Sciences, now almost moribund, spring into new life.

A. MARSH.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

NEVER, since its inception in 1886, will the International Labour Day be celebrated amid so auspicious circumstances as in the present year. In every industrial country the worker, after a period of deadening inactivity, is bestirring himself. Everywhere is evidence of a dissatisfaction with and a disinclination to longer submit to, conditions of life which might be more truly described as "conditions of death." In Britain, America, Germany, France, in all countries, is the worker at grips with the capitalist, all fighting for saner conditions of life; all awake to the fact of their vital necessity to society; all conscious of a keen desire to participate to the full in the essential things which their skilful hands and cunning brains have evolved. Beaten here, triumphing there, and even in their triumph being beaten, the workers, learning by bitter experience, slowly fashion the key by which their fetters will be unlocked.

Disappointed in their attempt to follow the politician through the elusive, seemingly smooth windings of the Parliamentary maze, they turn once again to the straighter, if rougher, path of industrial action. The lessons of the recent national strike of miners will not be lost. Their example of splendid solidarity serves as an object-lesson to the workers of the world. Not the least gratifying feature of the strike was the critical attitude adopted towards their "leaders" by the men, even to the extent, in many cases, of rejecting and going counter to their advice when it involved a surrender. Surely a striking evidence of the fact that the revolutionary spirit is kept alive by the devotion of the rank-and-file, and sapped by the subservience of the compromising official.

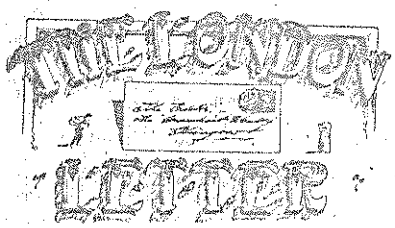
Although they have been fobbed off with a "Statute"—the legislative shadow of a solid economic demand—events since the passing of the Act go to prove that very many of the men view with suspicion and distrust the interference of Parliament. A "legal minimum wage" sounds alright, but, like the Lodgers' Bill, "it works out diff'rent some'ow." The miners will soon find out that their distrust and suspicion is not misplaced, they will not, so easily be deluded when the game is tried again. It the next strike is to be fought to a successful issue, the long period of protracted negotiation, artfully prolonged by the mineowner, will have to be done away with. The miners must strike swiftly and silently, giving no warning. Conferences between "masters and men," so gratifying to the self-importance of the timid Labour leader, must be ruthlessly cut out. No advance in wages or improvements in conditions will be granted by organised capitalists except at the point of the bayonet. It is useless, therefore, to seek to argue or to use sweet reason with men whose soulless greed knows no limit. The miners must recognise, as all workers must recognise, that they are fighting in a most merciless war, and that in war the army which strikes when the other side is least prepared, strikes most surely.

One of the most outstanding features of the struggle was the complete failure of the capitalists and their press to understand its significance. Judging by their actions, almost the only exception was the railway companies, who by their wholesale and quite unnecessary withdrawal of trains, and the consequent failure of supplies, did their utmost to turn public opinion against the miners. With this exception, the capitalists, by their proposals to "imprison the ringleaders," to "send all agitators to penal servitude," or to "force the miners down the pits by means of the military," displayed a poverty of intellect which is almost unbelievable. Not one of them found it worth while to try and discover the causes inducing three-quarters of a million of men to voluntarily endure a period of semi-starvation; not that these causes were obscure or difficult to discover. They were self-evident to all who had eyes to see or hearts to feel: blind greed and brutal exploitation, the crushing and wasting of human life in the mad scramble for profit, the absolute ineptitude of their boasted "directive ability," an ineptitude which forces even the least thoughtful amongst us to seek for the secret of their rise into power,—a rise into power rendered possible largely by the illiteracy of the masses. An illiteracy, which, keeping our untrained minds credulous and superstitious, rendered us an easy prey to the enslaving ideas which were sedulously fostered and spread by the writings in the capitalist press.

The dominant classes are faced to-day with a situation which has no historical precedent. For their own base ends they have taught us to read and think, that we might become more efficient machines, that we might improve processes and thus increase profits. They forgot that, unlike the power of a machine which they may control and direct, they can *not* control and direct the mental processes of man when he has learnt to use them. Forgetting this, they loosed a power greater far than they dreamed of. They are now faced with a proletariate, literate, thinking, and capable. A proletariat becoming conscious of its power, inflated with a growing sense of solidarity, of the community of interest with all workers. Above all, convinced of the justice of its claims and strong in its determination to assert them.

This is the grand opportunity of the Revolutionist. To the confused and incoherent clamour which too often takes the place of thoughtful and intelligent preparation amongst large bodies of men, the revolutionist must give clearness and point. As one knowing exactly what he wants he must strive to imbue the mass with a conscious and definite purpose. Not, as has happened too often in the past, standing aloof and perched on a pinnacle sermonising and preaching, but, entering whole-heartedly into the fight; taking a share of the drudgeries as well as of the pleasures; despising not the weapons because they seem trivial and mean, but by steadfastly working to improve them, set an example by practice as well as by precept, so that when the time comes for which we are hoping and working we may be able to ensure that this time we make good, that this time we will not be beaten by our own lack of forethought but by an intelligent anticipation of our difficulties, we will be able to overcome them, and thus build not slowly, but surely.

JOHN PATON.



London Comrades Welcome "The Anarchist."

In these days when the workers are so confused and misled by the lies and sophistry of the plutocratic press, a fearless, straight-speaking, clear-thinking weekly journal which will entertain no respect for the shams, deceits, and injustices of modern society, and which provides an additional medium for the expression of thoughts and feelings which are surging in the minds and bodies of people to whom slavery and misery is intolerable, is an absolute boon. Last December, at Cardiff, Mr. Lloyd-George, speaking on the subject of poverty, appealed to the churches to "get to the real, terrible, human, living facts writhing and seething below. Let us tear from this pit of wretchedness its flimsy covering of phrases so as to reveal that mass of human agony, with the help (and sympathy of those able to help." The churches seem in no hurry, but THE ANARCHIST will tackle that job. The time is ripe. The seed sown during many weary years has taken root. The "unrest" and revolt is no spasmodic incident, but the outward and visible evidence of new ideas, new desires, and renewed hope and effort for social emancipation.

The People's Forum.

Trafalgar Square is not quite the people's forum it was in years gone by. Until the autumn of 1887 it was the scene of many inspiring meetings, when the Square and roads around it were often filled with huge masses of people. Then the pious South African butcher, Sir C. Warren, troubled by the splendid protests of the unemployed workers, "broke the people's heads to soothe their misery," and a Tory Home Secretary closed the Square to public meetings altogether. When the Liberals returned to power they carried out their promise to re-open the Square by arranging it so that every demonstration is held at the pleasure of the police authorities at Scotland Yard who grant a "permit" and surround the whole affair by policemen so that it appears very similar to a meeting of convicts in the yard of one of "His Majesty's" hotels for the victims of poverty, ignorance, misfortune, and lunacy. The meetings are also well leavened with that prime product of legal "order," the detective. In these circumstances the old spirit of the Trafalgar Square gatherings has, to a great extent, been missing, but nevertheless this celebrated London open-air forum still serves a very useful purpose for ventilating some of the grievances and protests of the people.

The Clerk of the Weather to Blame.

What would have been one of the greatest meetings in the Square on record was spoilt by a veritable deluge a few weeks ago when a demonstration was convened in connection with the *Syndicalist* prosecutions. That this is no baseless conjecture, and also that the Government is aware of the tremendous body of resentment which exists was proved by the large force of police which was held in readiness close by. However, in spite of the very trying climatic conditions, two good meetings were held. The only hand held up in opposition to the resolutions, it was said, belonged to a young man who is afflicted with a political mania connected with the name of a deceased economist, and whose sole panacea is to "capture the state." However, the numerical drawback of this meeting was well compensated for by the magnificent demonstration in the Opera House in Kingsway on the Wednesday evening following, when 5,000 Londoners most enthusiastically applauded everything said in support of the "Don't shoot" campaign.

The Right Sort of Demonstration.

On Sunday, April 14, a picturesque demonstration was held in Trafalgar Square which struck me as significant of the new tendency in the Labour movement. Hotel waiters, domestic servants, milk-carriers, barbers, clerks, and shop assistants were all represented, both on the three platforms and in the large crowds which assembled. It was really an international anti-sweating demonstration, and there was evidently a strong spirit of unity and determination current which bodes well for the future in the London Labour world. High above the heads of the speakers were displayed stencilled placards heralding the advent of THE ANARCHIST on May 1, which, while they occasioned no uneasiness in the minds of the working-people present, certainly caused considerable chagrin in those of the police despots (not the policemen).

Movement for Trade Union Solidarity in London.

There is a very general movement amongst the members of Trade Unions in London for amalgamation and closer unity all round. The building trades have been very excited over this question for twelve months or more. It is desired to break down every caste or craft barrier in the way of the solid union of labour. That this is very necessary is seen especially in the case of the builders' labourers who are divided by seven organisations which seem to be run like so many private businesses by the official element. They are, however, being pressed hard by the advocates of amalgamation. The woodworkers and the clothing-makers are now joining in the campaign, and the most encouraging feature about the agitation is that the poor "leaders" (?) are rather distressed because it is apparent that there is some brain-work as well as manual labour going on amongst the rank-and-file.

More Direct Action this Year.

Since last year's strike of railwaymen the Railway Companies have been at their old game of victimising individuals who seek improvement in their conditions of employment and persuade their fellow-workmen to combine. Hundreds of men have been discharged on the score of age and the old trick of regrading of labour has been utilised. The Central London, South-Eastern and Chatham, the Great Northern and the L. & N. W. have all recently been brought into unpleasant notoriety in connection with such charges. The carmen at Haggerston have realised the humbug of the talk about contracts. A contractor in that district has openly violated the general agreement come to after the strike, and the Board of Trade and the Employers' Association are, of course, powerless. However, no section of labour will handle any goods for this man, and there are good prospects that the carmen will win.

THEN AND NOW!

"As for war, I call it murder,
There you hev it plain and flat.
I don't want to go no farther
Than my Testyment for that.

"Tain't yer epaulets and feathers
Makes the thing a grain more right.
Tain't a follering yer bellwethers
Will excuse yer in His sight.
If yer take a sword and draw it,
And run a feller critter thro',
Guv'ment won't answer fur it,
Goll'll send the bill to you."

These words were written in America more than fifty years ago by a college professor, James Russel Lowell. He was not put on trial for sedition and sent to gaol; but was sent as United States Ambassador to England instead.

That was half a century ago. We have progressed since then. Consequently in this enlighted country to-day, for expressing the same opinions as Lowell on an act which is even more infamous than war itself (*viz.*, the shooting down of defenceless workers), a few men are flung into prison with hard labour at the bidding of Attorney-General Isaacs—a member of an oppressed race.

SCOTTISH NOTES.

The re-introduction of the Scottish Temperance Bill into Parliament, coincident with the annual sittings of the Licensing Courts, has drawn public attention once more to the evils arising from the conditions under which the drink trade is permitted and compelled to be carried on, and to the remedies which the Temperance Party propose for their reform. Generally throughout Scotland a further reduction in the number of licenses is being made this year, and where now licenses have been granted at all by the same courts there is good reason to suspect that influences of an indirect but nonetheless corrupt nature have been at work. It could hardly be otherwise while the power to grant or withhold such increasingly valuable privileges is delegated to a few.

But what good can possibly be expected to follow this policy of a reduction? A reduction in the number of licenses means a correlative increase in the monopolistic power of those that remain; increased custom means less consideration for the customer, less comfort, less leisurely drinking and social intercourse, more incitement to keep on ordering liquor or else leave the premises; greater likelihood of cheaper, more fiery, thirst-provoking, and maddening decoctions being sold, and as a consequence, more drunkenness than ever, and more crime.

State-created monopoly, intensified by the policy of restriction advocated by temperance reformers whose views do not appear to be either temperate or reformative, has failed to do anything but enrich certain classes and further degrade the masses. Why not try Freedom? In those Continental countries where greater liberty in the supply of liquor is allowed, there is much less drunkenness in public places than here, refreshments are to be had at less than half the price we pay, and as the profit on temperance refreshments is practically equal to that on alcoholic liquors there is proportionately less inducement to push the sale of intoxicating drinks. When this condition of things is obtainable by an extension of freedom, what would not complete freedom achieve?

The age-long alliance between Church and State, twin powers of oppression and repression, looks like enduring to the end: in their death they will not be divided. At their recent conferences, the churches had a doleful tale to tell of decreased membership, decrease in the number of voluntary workers, decreased attendances at church, bible-class and Sunday-school, and, of course, decreased income. Attempts are to be made towards greater unity of action between the chief denominations and to obtain increased *state support*. Amidst the general gloom, however, they appear to have consoled and congratulated themselves on the adoption by many towns of the Bye-laws of the Burgh Police (Scotland) Amendment Act, 1911, which empower Town Councils to order the closing of aerated-water and ice-cream shops at 10 p.m., and all day on Sunday. The often avowed object of this outrageous legislative interference is to curtail the frivolity, etc., etc., indulged in by youthful frequenters of these places. But to those whose view of human nature is not perverted by the Calvinistic, Killjoy, Sabbatarian tradition, it must be apparent that measures of this kind will only drive whatever venial misbehaviour may exist into worse, because less public and more secretive, channels. Disorder is the inevitable fruit of every tree whose root is in Authority.

The new Land Values (Scotland) Bill which proposes to rate land for local purposes on its sire value irrespective of the use it is being put to, and by which it is hoped to bring unused land into the market, give freer course to building, and relieve taxation on houses and industry, is being supported by some cogent facts and figures showing the wholesale robbery of the community by the land monopolists and the consequent horrors of overcrowding and destitution in our cities and towns. In face of these iniquities it is deplorable to see effort wasted in tinkering with land taxes which, even if they cannot be shifted, will result only in increasing the unearned increment which another set of monopolists—the capital and money monopolists—are enabled to exact, and of whose existence land reformers do not seem to be yet aware. The Anarchist principle of personal occupancy and use constituting the sole title to land goes directly and simply to the root of the land question; and when the people begin to realize the part played by the State in maintaining the devastating monopoly in capital and money, the permanent solution of the social problem will not be far off.

The Anarchist

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WE ARRIVE!

It is without hesitation that The Anarchist steps into this world. Work and activity, with some splendid purpose behind it all, are the very essence of life. The Anarchist has much to do, a strenuous existence lies before it, but at this it is not dismayed, for in the struggle is the meaning of its life. Many difficulties have already been put behind before its voice could even be heard, but many more remain yet to be faced, difficulties which cannot be avoided, but through which it must fight its way.

It does not need a long experience in the revolutionary movement to know that exactly as our success becomes more evident, so do the obstacles barring our progress become likewise greater. The huge forces of reaction do not attempt to crush us so long as we do nothing Why should they? On the contrary, they grant us "liberty" and a free constitution, and all those blessings in whose glories the legislators are so well versed. It is only when we start *doing things* that this liberty is restrained and the free constitution withdrawn, the mask thrown off; and our whole system exposed in its true nature, barbaric and crude, relying, not on justice or liberty, but on oppression and force. This The Anarchist can easily foresee and understand at the very outset, and seeing and understanding it, is going straight on, rejoicing at the scent of battle ahead.

The confidence which The Anarchist feels in starting its career is due to the fact that it has, unlike our politicians, a faith in *the people*. Labour's recent war against Capital has clearly proved that the electioneering follies of the past were *merely* follies and *are* past. They had no real hold upon the workers, but were indulged in by them in the same spirit of rivalry which attracts the huge crowds to the football matches. Like the football matches, they were somewhat foolish games for the workers who spend their tanners at the gate, but more interesting from the standpoint of the promoters. The crowd that plays, however, is the crowd that works, and the same workers who have sometimes disgusted us with their cheers for some wretched politician exploiting their ignorance, have often surprised us with the magnificent struggle they have put up against the real enemy. The *people* are still alright. They have not been corrupted, at heart by the campaign of miserable politicians who have exploited their movement and captured their vote.

When these future gentlemen of Westminster came to the workers' organisations and first explained their promises and their schemes for supplying a revolution on the easy payment system, the workers stopped in their energies and gave them attentive hearing, they started paying in their instalments, and for the time being almost completely forgot the weapon of Direct Action.

That is past; the pretty phrases and the nice promises of the Westminster gentlemen have been found to be as empty as an aristocrat's silk hat, the people themselves have come back to their *only* weapon, Direct Action, while the politicians are left to muddle along with their legislation at a speed which seems at times likely to wreck the old rotten machine, a speed which is forced, of course, by the Direct Action of the workers outside.

The Anarchist is born of the spirit of Direct Action, for it is the spirit of Progress itself. Government when it is not actually trying to go backwards is at best conservative, and simply protecting by force that which at present exists. Direct Action is the only instrument of progress, and the only true meaning of Direct Action is to be found in the Anarchist philosophy—But that is another story.

The Anarchist has stepped into existence, and all the circumstances of the Labour struggle seem to have conspired to celebrate its birth into a veritable carnival of strife. Born into such surroundings, it cannot fail to become a true child of rebellion; as such it asks your help. It offers you no easy remedy for the great evils that now beset you. It can show you no gentle method by which those who shoot you down to-day will be induced to hand you over the means of life to-morrow, without trouble or without fighting. It offers not to establish a social revolution for you, if you will but give it your support. . . . No! on the contrary. It tells you that you will have to fight for all that you get; that a revolution cannot come from politicians, nor from any other source than from a revolutionary people; that you yourselves are this people; that the fight you wage will be greater than all the struggles in the history of humanity, and the glory of your victory more splendid than the thoughts of its greatest dreamers.

In this fight The Anarchist makes no greater boast, and asks to play no higher part than that of being your comrade. Shall we shake hands?

MAY DAY.

Those who took part in the celebration of the last New Year's Day of the Labour movement had but little idea of the stormy and significant period they were ushering in.

A year ago and it seemed clear that wherever the spirit of revolt might be found it had been effectually crushed out of the official Socialist and Labour Parties. With their grotesque and absurd ideas of order and discipline they had driven from their ranks all the vitality of their movement; it was composed, on the one hand, of leaders who posed as gods, and on the other, of their foolish worshippers. In the poor old S.D.P. it was high treason to criticise a leader (Anarchist methods, as Hyndman very properly terms it). To introduce any false doctrine, heresy, or schism, at least on the progressive side, was to court expulsion. A most awful doom! Their platform was so narrowed down that it might be said to consist of but one plank—placed edgeways. It needed an intellectual juggler to balance himself on it.

The I.L.P. was but little better, although it did not indulge in the periodical campaigns of lies—the delight of its superior sister organisation, it was but little more tolerant, and its platform was wider only on the reactionary side. As to the younger organisations, S.L.P., S.P.G.B., &c., they seemed chiefly concerned with quarrelling with everyone who did not wear their respective uniforms, and in making their own position as securely bound up by dogmas as possible.

A large proportion of the trade union funds were being spent in keeping the gentlemen of Westminster, while many of these organisations had entered into agreements not to inconvenience the capitalist class.

In a word, the whole labour movement seemed utterly hopeless, its vitality was gone, the greatest and most splendid struggle in the whole history of humanity had been degraded into electioneering tactics.

So it seemed; but appearances are not seldom deceptive, and it was soon to be shown that the strength of Labour was not exhausted, the apparent failure lay in the fact that it had attempted to express its power through unsuitable channels.

The organisers and leaders for many years had been more securely tying up the "ignorant rank-and-file." During this past twelve months that same ignorant "rank-and-file" have taught their superior leaders a lesson. The S.D.P. is dead. The Labour Party is now scarcely criticised by the more advanced workers. It is a wing of the Liberal Party. Its power, if it ever had any, is gone. The Trade Unions as at present constituted are doomed, the growing spirit of solidarity among the workers and the increasing bitterness of the class war demand their reconstruction. The I.L.P. is left behind. In a word, the whole Labour movement has been reorganised and regenerated *from the bottom upwards.*

The festival of labour this year will not be merely an incident in an electioneering campaign.

Truly it is a great *May Day.* There will be a firmness in our march, a touch of triumph in our music, and our banners will wave more proudly in the spring breezes. Labour begins to *know itself*, our demonstrations this year will have their true meaning. On this spring day we see more clearly than ever before the final triumph of Labour.

OUR FRIENDS.

It would scarcely seem right for The Anarchist to start its career without some reference to its predecessor, the *Voice of Labour.* The effort which produced one number of this paper in Glasgow, in 1904 is perhaps not much to boast about, but the subsequent attempts by the London comrades to make the ill-fated journal a success are full of interest, and, rightly understood, of encouragement too.

Many who did good work for the *Voice* are helping us to-day, while many, many more have come into the movement in the last few years, and are anxious to give their enthusiasm to make the present paper a real power. In addition to this, the whole Anarchist movement throughout the country is waking up, and town after town is getting together its little band of stalwarts to receive and welcome The Anarchist into their midst. The circumstances by which our paper finds itself surrounded are infinitely more favourable than those into which the *Voice of Labour* was born, and those who struggled hardest to keep the *Voice* still speaking, and who finally heard it fail, tell us to-day that success should be the future of The Anarchist. They are right; it will be. Will it not, comrades?

While we have to mourn the loss of the *Voice* that is still, we must also rejoice that our old comrade, *Freedom*, who has seen so many come and go, is still with us, and likely to remain with us, for after 25 years of service it is to-day increasing its prosperity month by month. The Anarchist will have a good friend in its older comrade *Freedom.*

LOVE ONE ANOTHER, OR PLUG ONE ANOTHER—WHICH?

"The capitalist is more dangerous than small-pox or cholera. Yes, he is the mad dog of society, and should be silenced, if need be, by a bullet."

A shocking statement to make, isn't it? Who would be guilty of such an open incitement to assassination; who save some scoundrelly Anarchist at war with society?

No, dear reader, this advocate of murder is not an Anarchist but a devout follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene, who said "Love one another. Bless them that curse you." The mystery is easily explained. If in place of the word "capitalist" in the above tirade you insert the word "Socialist" you then have a correct report of a statement made the other day by Father Belford, a prominent Roman Catholic Priest of Brooklyn, U.S.A. The reverend and Christian gentleman has not been arrested—and won't be.

When you have read The Anarchist, don't destroy it; if you are not going to keep it, leave it in the train or tram, or some place where it may be found and read by others.

THE TITANIC TRAGEDY.

Perhaps no disaster that has overtaken man in his great career of conquest over the forces of nature has been so tragic and at the same time so calculated to appeal to the imagination. It may be because of this that reason has taken so small a part in the discussions arising from it.

Increasing speed in travelling, the conquest of the sea and air are desirable achievements, and are necessary for the higher development of man. They become conditions of progress, and to attain this progress we shall pay the price. Much as we hate capitalism, it appears to us a little ludicrous and petty to hold it responsible for all our shipwrecks and calamities.

There has been great anxiety and haste to blame someone and a feverish desire to expose those details of selfishness which tend to make the whole thing seem sordid. It is more than sad that the Carpathia, which had just fulfilled its glorious mission, could stoop to bargain in misery and keep the world in painful suspense; and there are other features which cannot be too greatly regretted and condemned; but surely, in spite of such facts, if we saw things in their true proportion, we should realise that this great ordeal had proved once more the unselfishness of man.

There is abundant evidence that men and women stood resolutely facing death, to give others life, and to retain the comradeship even in death of those they loved. Yet who were these heroic men and women? The Titanic had not selected the noble hearts from among us. Those on board were just the people, rich and poor. This same people who, we are told by our theorists, are "inately selfish and will remain selfish so long as human nature is human nature;" this same people who must be governed to prevent their preying upon each other.

The men and women on board the Titanic have demonstrated once more that those who found their social theories on the belief that the chief characteristic of man is his selfishness will find they have made a mistake.

The Olympic sequel is most instructive. While the State is posing as an expert in marine matters, and politicians who have never been at sea in their lives (unless we speak metaphorically) are suggesting how boats should be sailed; while these wise men at the top of society are meddling in matters about which they are and must be totally ignorant, the real reform comes from the bottom. The firemen and sailors say the Olympic shall not sail unless she is properly equipped.

The Olympic does not. This is Anarchism and Syndicalism at once.

Mutiny! cries the State. Behold! It has changed its role and is now a criminal expert, and the sailors who dared to know how to equip a ship are marched to prison.

Now let us ask our authoritarian friends, Liberals or Socialists: Must the State control the ship or the sailors? State control or freedom, *i.e.*, Anarchism?

Dundee Jute Workers.

The Dundee jute workers' strike for 15 per cent. increase on wages under £1 and 10 per cent. on wages over £1, after lasting a fortnight and being turned into a lock-out by the masters, has been pitifully concluded by the promise of a 2½ per cent. advance at the end of June (although several employers conceded 5 per cent. before the strike started) and the acceptance of a Conciliation Board to prevent future trouble, while several of the leaders have been already victimised. Indignation has been aroused at the inaction of the city's Liberal and Labour M.P.'s during the crisis. Winston Churchill of course did nothing, and Alex. Wilkie, the Labour member, appeared belatedly after the fight was lost and persuaded the workers' representatives to accede to the masters' terms. Had the strikers looked like winning they would have received plenty of support from the political Labour leaders. The politician does not fight uphill battles; he is powerless to influence the capitalist and knows it. He appears to lead but comes along at the tail end, like Mr. Wilkie, and would have you imagine he wags the dog. The workers' hope is in their own strength; without them the politician is impotent, without him they are all-powerful, and have their destiny in their own hands.

OUR (UNCONSCIOUS) HUMORISTS.

With a Few Uncalled-for Comments

By "Carolus."

Rev. Frederick Hastings

Many people are concerned to use their money for philanthropic purposes when they have made it, but do not see the importance of making it in a Christian way.—To the London Congregational Union.

There are three ways of making money: by exploitation, by counterfeit coining, and by honest toil. The first is legal, and much admired; the second is illegal, and risky; the third is distinctly *declassé*. Christ, if we are to believe the Gospels, didn't make money at all.

Mr. T. C. Taylor, M.P.

Civilisation, like industry, is founded on mutual goodwill.—At Whitefield.

Peterloo, Michelstown, Featherstone, Belfast, and Llanelly (to say nothing of India, Egypt, and South Africa) are standing witnesses to the truth of this.

The Bishop of Manchester.

It is no business of ours to suppose that the saints are asleep because the affairs of the nation have taken a surprising turn.—At Manchester.

It is no business of ours either, for that matter. We venture to think, however, that if the progress of capitalist civilisation hasn't made the saints turn in their graves, they must be considered as dead—and very dead at that.

Lord Emmott.

A modest competency is the most favourable condition for leading the spiritual life.—To the Christian Social Union.

Rather. Frinstance, the Rev. John Hallart Glover, of St. Katharine's, Regent's Park, who ceased to lead the spiritual life a few days ago, has left £167,000 behind him.

Sir Robert Hadfield.

A little sentiment brought into the control of business affairs is a very good investment.—At Sheffield.

Exactly. A *little* sentiment will often turn discontented slaves into contented slaves, and the difference is shown in the increased output and increased dividends. But it must only be a little sentiment. Too much sentiment—too much attention to justice, for instance—might turn the slaves into free men. And then where should we be?

Dr. Clifford.

The man who says he is not his brother's keeper is now outside the circle of respectability.—At Norwich.

All the same, the man who keeps his brother working for him, and also keeps most of the fruits of his brother's labour, seems to be well inside the blissful circle, somehow or other.

Mr. Hubert Bland ("Hubert").

When, or if ever, our Syndicalists stoop to theorising we shall be ready for them with arguments as irrefutable and as four-square as arguments well can be; when, or if ever, they attempt the "propaganda of action," we will meet that too in the only way in which it can or should be met.—In the *Sunday Chronicle*.

Our word! If we catch them stooping.

Sir Victor Horsley.

Those who govern by coercion are cowards.—At the London Opera House.

And as all Governments must rest upon coercion ——— But there, Sir Victor, only a wicked Anarchist would think of dosing a doctor with his own medicine in this way.

Father Bernard Vaughan.

We can no more revolutionise human nature than we can turn iron into gold.—At New York.

Not bad, coming from a person who spends his time teaching that man, who is born full of original sin (to say nothing of aboriginal sin), can be revolutionised into a holy saint by means of religion.

Mr. J. N. Raphael.

The new generation, not only of kings but of lesser mortals, live cleaner and simpler lives than the old one.—In the *Bystander*.

The lesser the cleaner, usually.

Rev. C. Brown.

Democracy is coming into its own, but if it is to be a democracy of materialism the feudal system would be preferable.—At Long Buckley.

And if it is to be a democracy of Little Bethelism, Hell would be a positive relief.

Sir William Lever.

Rewards, punishments, honours, content, or villification are as idle dreams compared with the satisfaction a man feels who works to raise his fellow men.—At Liverpool.

Observe that the soap magnate says "raise," not "rinse."

Mr. Stephen Walsh, M.P.

If our organisations are going to be handed over to a system which is neither more nor less than anarchy, I, for one, will step right out of the Trade Union movement altogether.—At Ince.

Now we know the worst—and the best. It is distressing to note that, despite this solemn and awful warning, a great majority of the rascally miners present at the meeting voted to continue the strike.

The Bishop of Worcester.

A man may rightly be condemned if he is selfish, if he is proud, if he forgets the right use of wealth—but not merely because he is rich. The real question is what he does with his money.—At Worcester.

No, my lord! The real question is how he got his money. Even the law recognises this—in the case of *poor* thieves at any rate. The late Richard Turpin was a philanthropist, the novelists say, but he was hanged at Tyburn, nevertheless.

The Bishop of Sheffield.

There was never a time when men and women were more dependent upon and subservient to leadership than they are in the twentieth century.—At Pitsmoor.

Alas! this statement is not in accordance with the facts, which is distinctly unfortunate—for the leaders.

Hymn to Hypocrisy.

"*The Bible is the source of England's greatness.*"
The blessed truth unto the heathen tell.
Now in the hold sling in
The Bibles and the gin,
The rifles, the maching guns, and the shell,
And we'll give the heathen dogs a taste of hell.

We carried, Lord, Thy message to the heathen:
With our army corps we took it to Soudan:
Down by Egypt's sacred river
That message made them shiver,
As we pumped it in, with lead, at Omdurman,
When we laid ten thousand dead at Omdurman

"Give us this day *their* daily bread, O Jesus:"
Coolie! coolie! load the golden grain,
We can hear your people crying:
"We are starving, rotting, dying,"
But we want it for *your* brothers o'er the main,
Your good, kind Christian brothers o'er the main. &c.

"Turn the other cheek unto the smiter;"
Warder! warder! toll the prison bell,
For the scaffold's strong and steady
And the rope hangs straight and ready,
For the man we're going to strangle in the cell,
Chaplain: take your prayer book to the cell.

"Bear, oh bear ye one another's burdens:"
Oh Lord, you did not tell us *that* in vain,
For the parasites and shirkers,
Take the wealth from off the workers,
Lest the burden of that wealth should cause them pain,
They bear our burden gladly in "Park Lane."

"*The Bible is the source of England's greatness,*"
The workhouse and the gaol our mercies tell,
Prostitution, exploitation,
Prove we *are* a Christian nation,
So loudly let the unctuous chorus swell,
While the devil rocks with laughter down in hell.

Henry Miller.

"DON'T SHOOT!"

Folly and Brutality.

The profound stupidity of the authorities is so often forced home to us that we really needed not this further example of the *Syndicalist* prosecutions making it even more evident. The affair, however, has been useful in that it must have shown the true and brutal nature of the authorities to many who previously did not suspect it. Those who imagined that government was here to ensure the freedom of the individual will see at once that government is far from being the guardian of our freedom, and that soldiers, barracks, police and prisons have not been organised for the love of Liberty. Those who imagined that we had a free constitution will realise that there are dominating and ruling forces still striving to maintain their hold over us, and that the *freedom* of our constitution depends entirely upon the power of the active protest which we, the people, make against these ruling forces. Freedom granted from above, handed down to us by the authorities is simply the freedom to *agree* with the controlling powers; the freedom to *disagree* is what we have to fight for.

Interesting Police Tactics in Glasgow.

The Scottish authorities are evidently a little upset that their Southern neighbours should have outdone them in the matter of this *Don't Shoot* folly. Consequently the unworthy editor of this journal has received many attentions from them during the last week or so. A little band of his most gracious Majesty's soldiers have been brought down from Maryhill Barracks to "identify" him, and a formal charge of, upon three occasions, inciting the soldiers to disobey orders has been read over to him by two very handsome detectives who visited our offices in company with the soldiers. But the soldiers have gone back to their barracks, the detectives to their detecting, and the Editor to his editing, and there have been no sensational developments.

From all this we may gather that just as the primitive forms of animal life have a rudimentary instinct which becomes intelligence in the more developed conscious organism, so even has the police official.

An Unfounded Slander.

The report that the Army Chaplains have been placed under arrest for preaching Christianity is entirely without foundation. We understand that they are indignant at the suggestion of their having so abused their official position. Christ said "Thou shalt not kill." Modern Christianity says: "Imprison the man who teaches such dangerous doctrines."

How Government Restores "Order."

The following message shows how the ideal form of authority, as exemplified by Russian methods, deals with Labour unrest. The *Daily News* Odessa correspondent (Sunday, April 21) says:—"An Irkutsk telegram states that the total number of strikers killed by the troops in the Lena goldfields' riot was 260. The wounded numbered 190."

How Workers Restore Order.

Later telegrams from St. Petersburg state that "there are signs of labour unrest throughout the country. The men at the Nobel works are coming out on strike." At Kieff "the hands at the South Russian Machinery Works stopped work in sympathy with the victims, and held a mass meeting." "The men at the Nicolaieff shipbuilding works also laid down their tools as a token of mourning." This is in Russia where Tolstoy was allowed to teach the "Don't shoot" doctrine. Here we are not allowed to say "Don't shoot." One alternative appears to be to tell the soldiers to be careful how to aim his rifle. It would then probably be safe to leave it with the officer to give the order to fire or not as he felt inclined.

FORE!

"THE ANARCHIST!"

One *penny* weekly!!

Number one, volume one!!!

Not bad for our first number; but with just a little luck we expect to go a bit better every time, till we have a tip-top paper leaving our press every week.

We are all prepared to work our very hardest for *success*, and, if our readers will kindly do their little bit, we will have arrived to stay. We come in just behind the coal strike, and a very good time too. There's room for us now, if *never before*. During the strike, people began asking things, and thinking things, and we will do our part in explaining the knotty points that trouble and perplex. The coal strike will do *us* no harm.

And that same jolly old strike is responsible for me writing now. You see, I'm a lazy sort of a cuss, with a constitutional disinclination for worrying, and I retired from taking an active interest in the world's quarrels long ago. I was lazy and—sick! So I resolved to meander along life's way quietly, and give some little attention to the flowers, and the birds, and the stars, and one or two other simple little things that really matter. And it was very enjoyable, thank you.

But I made one mistake. I continued to read the papers! That did it! During the strike, the dailies and weeklies kept me posted with the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and I began to realise how utterly selfish a crowd of working men can be when they set their minds that way. I saw clearly that it was blue ruin for the masters if they granted the miners' demands—that was as plain as a pike-staff. Then the men knew perfectly well that they asked an impossibility when they asked for a minimum, for didn't a representative of the "greatest government of modern times" tell us so just a handful of days before? It was really too bad, you know. Besides, it upset things so. It was bad for the country—things wouldn't grow, business was bad, and quite a number of respectable capitalists had to dock their washerwoman's bill. Then some good people saw cause for alarm, and at least one of our most influential families thought fit to shut and board up their house, and get out of the way of the lawless colliers; and, to crown all, poor little Georgie-georgie couldn't get to the Grand National. That was the unkindest cut of all! It was painfully evident that these minor men had no compassion, and in my mind's eye I saw the poor masters reduced to such an extent that they couldn't indulge in a packet of woodbines. It was the end of all things—or thereabouts.

Something had to be done, and I was seriously thinking about going out and doing it, when I overheard a rascal of a blackbird outside my window explaining the whole affair to his new sweetheart. And the language that that bird used would have given cold shivers to the biggest cutthroat coalmaster who ever made a legitimate livelihood of barefaced robbery.

I thank the British press for making me an *active* Anarchist. I saw it all—I saw *through* it all—and I went out and did something: I cabled a year's subscription to THE ANARCHIST, with neatness and despatch. Go thou and do likewise!

There is no time for resting and growing old at present. There is too much work to do, so all you gentle people who are impatiently marking time till the good man calls you aloft to join the celestial discord, come out of your trance and join the merry party. There is plenty of work for everyone, and there is no one but can do something. But if you are too ill to do anything else, you can at anyrate sign a cheque. If not, send stamps.

And now, let me whisper something. The paper has never been published and will never be published, that will please all its readers. The simple biped who dreams of a paper satisfying all his readers is somersaulting round on the same plane as the benighted galoots who ladle out unsinkable ships. We will do our best, but we harbour no illusions; and we are willing to learn, that willingness is a big thing. So instead of wasting your purple wishes on the desert air, or a place like that, drop us a line and tell us all about it; and give us your bright thoughts and suggestions at the same time, and we will see what we can do.

And do it now. Your suggestion may be just the thing needed, and we require all the help we can get. Don't be backward—tell us just exactly what you think; and the writer of the most serviceable letter we have posted to us before the beginning of June will receive a copy of Kropotkin's "French Revolution," or other books to that value. So there you are. Send your communications to "The Anarchist," 74 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, and address to—

Yours fraternally,
TOM WELDON.

Postal orders should not be crossed.

GOVERNMENTS AND FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

In the *Daily News* for March 28 the following letter appeared:—

SIR,—In the House of Commons on Monday Sir Rufus Isaacs denied that the Syndicalist prosecutions were attacks on the liberty of the Press. This, he said, was a complete delusion; they were taken on the ground of inciting soldiers to mutiny—*i.e.*, saying that soldiers ought to disobey certain orders. It puts one in mind of the man who indignantly denied that he had been punished for cruelty to animals, and said the truth was he was fined for flogging a horse.

When soldiers disobey orders they break an oath, and are punished for oath-breaking. When people tell soldiers that their oath is a bad one, and that being bad, it is better to break than to keep it, they express an opinion, and have been punished for expressing it.

In all the world's history I doubt whether there have been any prosecutions against "freedom of speech" as such. The most tyrannous repression of speech has always been on the ground of the results to which certain opinions lead. And since genuine opinions tend to produce a definite line of action, heretical opinions are apt to become damnable when authority feels insecure.

However, we know now exactly where we are: the Attorney-General has settled the difficult question. The law is that we are free to express any opinion whatsoever—so long as the law does not find a reason against our expressing it. We are grateful for the enlightening reassurance.

ETHEL WEDGWOOD.

By an unexpected coincidence, there appeared on another page of the self same issue of Cadbury's paper a report of Mr. McKenna's defence of the recent blasphemy sentences. It will be seen that McKenna trotted out the same old hypocritical sophistry which Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood justly ridiculed, as thus:—

Mr. McKenna said he could assure Mr. King that there was in this country perfect freedom of speech in regard to all subjects, however disagreeable they might be to the listeners. The men who had been prosecuted had not been prosecuted for their opinions, but for the peculiar and offensive manner in which they had expressed them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GREAT BETRAYAL.

(To the Editor of THE ANARCHIST.*)*

DEAR COMRADE,—We are just emerging from the throes of the great miners' strike in which we have been so basely betrayed by our leaders when victory was almost assured, and the feeling among the miners all over the federated area is one of intense bitterness and hatred against their betrayers.

Never was betrayal more evident. The men were balloted on the question whether they would resume work pending a settlement of the minimum wage by the District Board formed under the Minimum Wage Act. Their answer was an emphatic "No." An overwhelming majority of the men voted in favour of continuing the strike until their original demands were conceded. And yet the leaders, instead of obeying this mandate of their constituents, met and passed a resolution declaring the strike at an end and ordering the men to resume work at once. Democratic despots, ha, ha!

We are now at the parting of the ways. The miners' agents, who are also Labour M.P.s (and there are sixteen of them in the Miners' Federation of Great Britain), have been most insistent in crying "Peace, peace! Stop the strike! Order the men back to work; the country is drifting into anarchy!" They have also taken the lead in ignoring the wishes of the miners, who are their paymasters. Other miners' agents who are aspiring to become Labour M.P.s ably seconded the efforts of their colleagues in disregarding the men's mandate to continue the strike.

Addressing 4,000 of his district at Maesteg on April 8, Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, one of the South Wales leaders said: "They might have even had a stoppage of transport workers this week, for their representatives had attended at Westminster Palace Hotel, London, and had promised that in the event of the strike being continued, they were prepared to call out the transport workers." And yet this magnificent offer was rejected. What trrickery!

The miners are now calling upon these traitors to resign their official positions, and there never was a more opportune time for a journal like THE ANARCHIST to give a lead to the miners of Britain, and through them to the other organised workers of the country. The strike has clearly shown even the dullest-witted miner that the press of the country is purely capitalistic, and after the second week of the strike no reporter who valued his life or limbs would go near a miners' meeting. The press for five weeks teemed with lies. English papers reported the strike at an end weeks ago in Scotland. Scottish papers reported a similar state of things in England.

It may be of interest to note that this is the third time in seventeen years that the Scottish miners have been sold by their leaders in a wholesale fashion—in 1894, again in 1909, and now in 1912—and in each instance Mr. Robert Smillie, the Labour-Socialist candidate for N.-E. Lanark, President of the Scottish Miners' Federation, and Vice-President of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, has taken the leading part. At the conference of the Miners' Federation held in London on April 6, Mr. Smillie again played the leading part; he it was who moved the resolution to ignore the mandate of the men to continue the strike; it was he who decided that the strike be declared at an end and the men ordered to resume work at once,—Smillie, the Socialist, the democrat, the man who believes in majority rule; the man who believes that no man, or body of men, on a throne or in the House of Lords, have any right to abrogate the clearly expressed will of the majority; he has exercised a weapon against the miners similar in all respects to that exercised by Kings, Lords, &c., and every epithet which he has applied to them for so doing can now be applied to himself one thousandfold.

The services he has rendered the Government and the coalowners will not pass unrecognised; "honours" will be conferred on him, and the miners on whose shoulders he has climbed can go into the limbo of forgetfulness, until some other aspiring Labour politician and office-seeker comes along and coaxes and cajoles them to take him on their backs under the plea that once he is on their shoulders he will be able to lift them off their feet.—Yours fraternally,

ANDREW QUIGLEY,

Musselburgh.

(To the Editor of THE ANARCHIST).

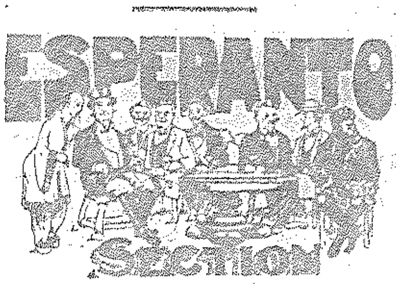
SIR,—The one question that has disturbed my thoughts of late is "what mode of organisation may be adopted by Anarchists without deviating from the principles of Anarchy?"

To my mind Trade Unionism should receive no consideration; but at times one is informed that Anarchists are to be found within these organisations attempting to permeate the members with principles that are held by Anarchists. Again, we are told that Anarchists should join the I.W.W. for the purpose of pointing out the dangers of centralisation. This may be so, but I am of opinion that the Anarchist who joins the Trade Union or even the I.W.W. is in the same position as the Socialist who says "Send me to Parliament for destructive purposes!"

A far superior *mode of organisation*, and *one* corresponding with the principles of Anarchism, could, I believe, be adopted by the following method. A number, a group, or groups, of Anarchists could mutually agree to acquire by voluntary subscription a strike fund that would supply them with the necessities of life during periods of industrial dispute. Having acquired the amount agreed upon, the Anarchists would then be in a position to take the initiative, thus giving a practical object-lesson to members of Trade or Industrial Organisations. When we consider that the strike fund of the Trade Union movement does not reach £3 per unit it is obvious that a fund could soon be acquired by Anarchists greater than that of the Trade Unions. Instead of paying monies into the Trade Union by the lifelong instalment system, and having only £3 to your credit, the Anarchist could soon acquire a fund that would support him for months, without, in almost every case, being any the worse off, by adopting the system of co-operative trading inside the group: the group could purchase commodities wholesale, selling them to its members retail, agreeing to place the surplus in the strike fund. The group would soon be in a position to strike without fear of starvation; the effects of strikes similar to the coal strike could not then harm any of the members.

I contend that this mode of organisation is superior to compulsory dis-organisation, or even compulsory industrial organisation, and I suggest that it is the form of organisation that should be adopted by Anarchists on the industrial plane in preference to other existing forms of organisation. If the Anarchist would commence to set his own house in order on the above-mentioned lines, he would win the Trade Unionist to his cause in less time than by joining the Trade Union and attempting to charm the members to accept his principles.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. BLANCHARD.



EL NEDERLANDO.

En Amsterdam dum 12 semajnoj strikis la laboristoj en la plumbista metio. La striko estis preskau generala. Sole la malfortaj organizajoj religiaj (Katolikaj kaj Protestantaj) ne strikis kaj—fenomena ordinara—kontraŭstaris la strikantojn je ĉiuj manieroj.

La Patronoj intersa formis labor-brigadon, kiu celis prestiĝi la konstruajojn unu post la alia. Per ŝovaĝveturilo ili alportigis la bezonajn materialojn kaj men ili eskortis ĝin sur ĝi sidante. La strikantoj komprenable kl[o]poltion maltrelpi. Dum unu de tiuj okazoj la patronoj pafis per revolvoj. Rimarkinde estas ke kiam ili estis venigitaj ee policeoj, ili sole ricevis riproĉeton, dum la strikantoj estis disiĝetaj per la sabroj de la policanoj.

Ankau rimarkinda estis ke la tuta gazetara-socialdemokrata silentis pri tio okazintajo.

La kialo estas, ke jus ilo kiuj pafis estas socialdemokratoj kaj la S.D.A.P. (Soc. Dem. Laborista Partio) ne protektis tion strikon car ĝi ne estis proklamita de "Moderna" (reformista au soc. dem.) organizajo, sed okazis per sendependa (Sindikata) organizajo aliĝinta ee N.A.S. (Nacia Laborista Sekretariejo). Yes la S.-D. organo *Het Folk* ("La Popolo") fiparolacis je la strikantoj, kiuj jetis al la patronoj per putraj terpomoj kaj brasiktrunkoj. La S.D.A.P. anoj ankau montrigas klasbatalantojn. De ciuj flankoj kontraustarita la striko finis sen rezultato.

La antaua semajno en Hago la polico kaptis tri Amsterdamanaj plumbistoj. Ili intencis foriri al Usono, car la Amsterdama polico ilin tre malfacilis la vivon.

Ĉia malliberigo okasio, rilate bombatencon ce la presidentos de la "Plumbist-patron-Uniĝo," en la Wolvenstraat en Amsterdam, kies eksplodon rompigis kelke da fenestro vitrajoj. Ankau la policoseras rilaton inter la arestitaj kamaradoj kaj jeti flaida fosforo al strikrompantoj. Pro ci tiu fakto jam monato oni malliberigas du alejaj plumbistojn. Kiel ordinare la polico cie serca kunkulpulajn kaj ĉion gi mes por trovi ilin. La presidanton de la plumbistoj organisajo kaj kamaradon Kolthek, jr., la sekretario de la N.A.S., la polico venegis ce si por demandi ilin. La unuan car li estas klopodinta kolekti monon por la nun arestitaj, por povi vojaĝi al Usono, la duan tial ke je mnt el la tri arestitaj oni trovis leter-karton al eksterlanda kamarado, enteĥante peton kasigi ion da tempo 3 personojn. La filarga gazeto de *Gamal* (la gazeto) sabato matene rakontis ke pluraj malliberigoj sekvus.

Komprenable la juĝistaro cion provos por briligi lumon super ci tiu bombatencon. Unuflanke oni (ankau ni) supozas ke tiu atenco estis patron-laboro, por malpovili la strikon; aliaflanke la organizaginta patronaro promesis premion da 200 guldenojn por assigni la efektivan farinton. Kiam la nun akuzitoj estas kulpaj au kunfarintoj al tiu bombatenco kaj fosforjetado baldau ekmontriĝos. Tamen, ni bona devos rigardi kaj atenti kion okazos, car tio ne estas cintaja okazintajo fraj plue ci tie tusas laboristojn, sindikate organiziĝintajn.

Hago.

K. HEIJER.

KIDDIES' KOLLUM.

Hello kiddies! We are allowed by our gracious grown-ups—not to speak of our Uncle George, the editor—to have a "kollum" all to ourselves.

How did they manage it? That is the question that bewilders my poor brain. And we are to do and say just what we like. What a glorious time we shall have!

I put my index fingers to my temples and think hard—all thinkers do that—and I wonder in what manner or shape this "kollum" must be conducted.

One of our aunties suggests that we should have fairy-tales and the like o' that, but fairy-tales only please the girls, and although I always endeavour to do that, I must answer to the lads as well. So lads and lassies, put your fingers to your temples and think hard and send me a cheery letter crammed full of suggestions. Tell me of your school. Perhaps, on Sundays, you go to an Anarchist School or a Socialist School. Write me about what you do. I had a school once, and we called it the Modern School, but our landlord was so frightened that we had to be turned out. He said it was because we were naughty children and sang "comic songs" on Sunday, and we danced and made merry and had such a good time. But I will tell you more about our school one day. I often smile to myself when I think of the look of concern on the face of the landlord's "catspaw." I think "grown-ups," generally speaking, are too funny for words. I don't know whether I should like to pole-axe a few or love them and laugh at them.

We are humbugged with two Uncle Georges:—one has got "whiskums," the other—our editor—bites 'em off from the inside. They dub me as a "kid," a "whimsical kid," and what is more, this "kid" is being chased off to school again! One thing is certain, whiskums and wisdom do not always go together, and that is "no kid." We are everlastingly being told that we *ought to* do this, and we *ought to* do the other thing, and we *must not* touch, and we *must not* ask questions. Don't be *so inquisitive*. You know what I mean, boys and girls? And yet it is this "inquisitiveness" that we ought to develop. It is this asking of questions that you must not retard one iota. Because why? Because it so develops the power of thinking, and by thinking we resolve ourselves into action, thereby gaining the end we are striving for. Don't put your thinking out like w[illegible]a do their washing; right or wrong, reject w[illegible] *you* think is bad, and accept what *you* think is right. Develop that courage of conviction, and I feel sure you will enjoy the struggle.

Maybe I am talking above the heads of the little ones, but some of my boy and girl comrades like to have something other than fairy-tales, etc., and, as I have mentioned at the beginning, please write me and say how our "kollum" is to be conducted.

This is the Maytime, and the woods and fields are clothed in leaves and flowers. How glorious one feels when Maytime comes. It seems as if all Nature is just awakening from her slumber. But few of we kiddies see any difference, especially when we live in grimy, dirty towns. The sun has such a struggle to find its way into our dingy streets, and all we know is what the poets sing to us about. Perhaps some of our country comrades will tell us of birds and things. It will make us so happy. When I do go to the country at this time of the year,

"My heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

I really feel as if I am treading on air. And I do not wish to be dragged back by those ugly chains of city life—or death.

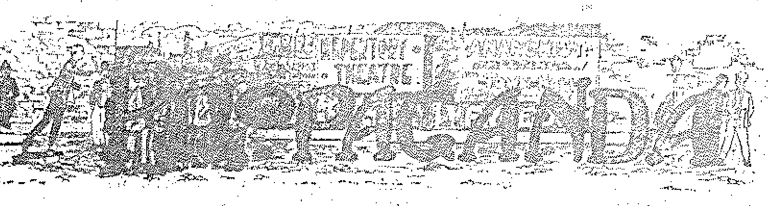
I should say, perhaps, one day, if we kids work hard enough to free ourselves we shall all go to hear the singing and chattering of the birds in the Springtime instead of wasting our time over silly old books and having a fusty education just to fit ourselves to work in a factory office or other such place. Our education shall be something different. We shall be happy in our learning. We shall go into the country in the springtime and hear what the lark has to tell us; what the flowers and woods have to say. Our lives will not be ugly any more, for "The day is coming."

I did intend to tell you of May Days in history, but am afraid, even now, I have overstepped our "kiddies kollum."

Don't forget to write. Kind thoughts,

JIMMY.

11-13 Penywern Road,
Earl's Court, London, S.W.



BELFAST.

Public opinion in Belfast is so sharply divided on the questions of Home Rule and religion that every advanced movement has a very uphill fight. Since Comrade McAra left Anarchism was never publicly advocated until a month ago, when Comrade Barrett paid us a visit. He addressed two large meetings, at one of which the audience numbered more than a thousand people. He made a very good impression, and since then some of the more advanced Socialists have been inquiring about Anarchist literature. The outlook, therefore, is very promising. We believe that Anarchism will find far more favour with the Irish people than State Socialism. With a *cead mile failthe* to the ANARCHIST we bid adieu. B.M.

BIRMINGHAM.

We are holding meetings every Sunday in Bull Ring at 7.30 p.m. There is much to be done, and crowds waiting to be converted. All interested write to R. V. Harvey, 60 Hartledon Rd., Harborne. We shall be pleased to supply speakers to Trades Unions or any workers' organisation in return for bare travelling expenses. R. V. H.

BRADFORD.

Comrade Drake has opened his season's work on his old pitch at Darley St. Bottom. Good crowds always give an attentive hearing to our veteran's discourses. On Sunday last Comrade Hoyle of Halifax paid an unexpected visit and gave an hour's lecture on the present state of society, its unrest, and the analysis of present movements aiming at the emancipation of man. Comrade Drake gave the new paper all due publicity. J. H.

BRISTOL.

Did we number but one capable speaker amongst us doubtless much greater headway would be made here. Meanwhile our little group is meeting weekly ready to make good use of any speaker who may come our way. During the past twelvemonths we have thus been able to arrange open-air and indoor meetings when Comrades Tanner, Barrett and Turner visited us. Something over £3 worth of literature has been sold and several thousand leaflets distributed at Labour's big mass meetings, whilst *Freedom* has now a steady sale of 26 monthly. The birth of our weekly paper, THE ANARCHIST, is now eagerly anticipated especially by all who attended the lectures delivered here by its editor last January, and the utmost will be done in Bristol to ensure for it the widest possible circulation. Should this meet the eye of any comrade or friend who may find any difficulty in obtaining a regular weekly copy of THE ANARCHIST, a postcard to the Secretary, Anarchist Group 19, The Haymarket, Bristol, will ensure its regular delivery. Group meeting at above address each Monday evening at 8.

HALIFAX.

Our local platform is going again at Savile Park on Sunday mornings and afternoons and one night in the week at the meeting-place in Cow Green. Our main propagandist, Comrade Pollock, has left us to go to a neighbouring town, where he will doubtless make his impression as he has done here. Local comrades, don't come if you are going to hesitate with your assistance, for we require funds for literature and comrades to distribute it, either selling or giving. Much can be done and there is much to do—do it. JOHO.

HUDDERSFIELD.

Anarchism as a subject of general interest has come to the front here during the last twelve months. No regular public meetings have been held of an avowedly Anarchist character till March 1st of this year, since when one or more meetings have been held every week on the Market Cross. The organisation seems lacking in support of our efforts, but up to now one or two have managed to keep things going, chief of speakers being Comrade Pollock. These meetings will be continued every Sunday night with an occasional outbreak on Saturday evening and Sunday morning. The local Socialist paper, *The Worker*, seems to be more tolerant recently, and shows a disposition to give a better opportunity for all round discussion, the issues of April 13 and 20 containing articles from E. J. B. Allen in justification of Syndicalism and Anarchism as well as invitations for other comrades to come forward and introduce live issues. G. E.

HULL.

Splendid meetings are being held on Paragon Square, the speaker being Tom Brown. The vast majority of people who gather to hear Comrade Brown's remarks prove attentive, and doubtless many adherents will be won for the cause of Anarchy and Liberty here in the near future. A. B.

ISLINGTON.

The East London Anarchists have a club room at Barnsbury Hall, and are having lectures on Sunday evenings and discussions on Thursdays. Owing to the *Syndicalist* prosecution, we have been holding meetings at Victoria Park on that subject, and have had a "Don't shoot" march through the streets, giving out some thousands of the leaflet, "The Appeal to British Soldiers." Further meetings, at which the release of Crowsley and the Syndicalists was demanded, met with complete success, while special placards were taken round the vicinity. Also meetings have been held at East India Dock Gates and Highbury Corner on this subject. We are especially pleased to say that the younger comrades who have recently joined have shown splendid determination and grit. Our comrades are also taking an active part in a strike which has begun at "Paul's Nurseries," Waltham Cross, where about two thousand workers are employed.

W. D. PONDER.

MARYLEBONE.

This group maintains a regular propaganda in Regent's Park and Hyde Park on Sundays. Quite a series of anti-shoot demonstrations have been held. Week-night meetings are also held at Hyde Park. Here the authorities persecute our literature sellers persistently. On Good Friday the police were ill-using a comrade who went to the gates to sell literature, and the people inside the park, hearing the facts, went out and bought literature in defiance of the police. When the crowd had returned *then* two young comrades were rushed off to the police station. A great demonstration was then held, and after a collection was made to pay the fines which would be imposed, our Comrade Percy Tanner and "Dr. Nicola" were appointed as a deputation to interview the superintendent at the police station. A crowd numbering about 2,000 marched to the station. Bail was, however, refused, and one comrade was detained at the station all night. The next day our comrades were fined 10s. 6d. and 5s. each.

H. G.

MANCHESTER.

If we could get *sympathisers* to become *workers* we should indeed be a strong group. On April 7 we had in our presence Comrade Hayes from Middleton to address two meetings which were well attended. He was met with several questions from political Socialists, but our comrade tackled the question in a very able manner. We were well pleased with our first effort at open-air propaganda.

On Sunday, April 14, we had Comrade A. Pollock from Huddersfield amongst us. We held a meeting at Stockport on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon at three we held a meeting in Stevenson Square with an audience of at least 500 to 600, which was ably addressed by Comrade Max Selzer, supported by Comrade Pollock. In the we held a meeting at 8 p.m.

MUSSELBURGH.

Regarding the prospects of propaganda in this district, they are as encouraging here as anywhere in Britain. Comrade McAra holds meetings occasionally at the Hoyweights, Musselburgh. His last meeting, held on the 27th March, attracted a large crowd. He dealt principally with the coal miners' strike, and showed that the men who were leading the miners would ultimately betray them, just as the railwaymen's leaders had diddled the railwaymen. We are doing our best to get a big circulation for THE ANARCHIST here, and have adopted the subscription postcard scheme as suggested by Glasgow.

ANDREW QUIGLEY.

PAISLEY.

Through the "mobility of labour" and emigration, active comrades have been lost to the movement, but a small amount of information is being spread through literature passing from hand to hand. We are badly in need of someone to throw himself into the movement here with enthusiasm, and then with the co-operation of Glasgow comrades we might have great results. J. M.

HAMMERSMITH AND WEST LONDON.

The group consists of about 20 active members, and there are double that number who are strong and reliable supporters who I'll call the semi-attached. Having no regular meeting place has been the cause of these comrades not taking a more active part in propaganda. A movement is on "foot" to secure a meeting place, and, if successful, no excuse will be accepted from the aforesaid semi's. Literature sells well but must go better. We always offer to lend or give pamphlets to those who can't afford to buy. Have you guaranteed to take three copies a week of THE ANARCHIST to sell independently of the meetings, &c? If not, you'd better. Now this group can and should be the strongest and most active in London. So come all ye faithful. Stick yer chins out and get at it.

Intending subscribers wishing the paper delivered at any address in this district should communicate with J. F. Tanner, 29 Beryl Rd., Hammersmith, London, W.

FERRER SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sundays at 3 p.m. prompt., at 99 Charlotte Street, W. (entrance Bedford Passage); opens May 5th. Comrades and sympathisers, come and bring the children.

OPEN-AIR and GROUP MEETINGS.

LONDON.

MAY DAY DEMONSTRATION.

HYDE PARK, MAY 1, 3.30 p.m.

The Anarchist Platform will be marked A.

Speakers in English, French and Yiddish.

In the evening a Social and Dance will be held at the Food Reform Restaurant, Furnival Street, Holborn. Tea at 6.30; Concert and Dance at 8; Admission 6d. (Tea and Refreshments à la carte.)

GLASGOW MAY DAY DEMONSTRHTIOM.

Sunday, May 5.

Come to the ANARCHIST platform on the Green.

Speakers: A. MAX, C. HOWATT, A. PORTER, G. BARRETT, and others.

Speaking begins at 3 p.m.

SOCIAL.—In the evening a Social will be held in the Clarion Rooms immediately after the Demonstration. Tea provided. All in sympathy with our movement invited. Collection to defray expenses.

BRISTOL.

MAY DAY, Sunday, May 5.

W. D. PONDER (of London).

will deliver two lectures. Haymarket, at 11 a.m.
Downs, at 7 p.m.

Group meetings at 19 Haymarket, every Wednesday at 8 p.m. All in sympathy invited.

GLASGOW.—Saturday, May 4, Clydebank, 4.3. p.m.
Sundays, Jail Square, 8 p.m.
Monday May 6, Maryhill, Bissland Drive, 8 p.m.
Wednesday, May 8th, Cathedral Square, 8 p.m.
Thursday, May 9, West Campbell Street, 8 p.m.
Friday, St. George's Cross, 8 p.m.

MEETINGS HELD BY LONDON GROUPS.

BRIXTON.—Rushcroft Road, 7.30., A. Ray, Hook, McCartney, Bob Wright; Subject: "Nature and Anarchy." Sundays, Woolwich, Beresford Square; May 5, same speakers and subject.

EAST END.—Sundays, Victoria Park, 11.30 a.m.; Theberton Street, Upper Street, Islington, 7.30 p.m.; Barnsbury Hall, 7.30; Mondays, Highbury Corner, 8 p.m.; Thursdays, Barnsbury Hall, 8.30 p.m. On Thursdays at 8 p.m. group meetings are held at Barnsbury Hall. All in sympathy invited.

HAMMERSMITH AND WEST LONDON. The Grove, Hammersmith, Sundays, 11.30 a.m. and 8 p.m.; Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 8 p.m.; Chiswick, Turnham Green, Sundays, 11.30 a.m.; Fulham, Walham Green Church, Tuesday, 8 p.m.

MARYLEBONE.—Sundays, Regent's Park, 11.30 a.m.; Hyde Park, 7 p.m.

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Ask your Newsagent to supply FREEDOM and THE ANARCHIST regularly. See that he does it.

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BRITISH MUSEUM 30 MAY 33